

POEM ENTITLED UNTITLED POEM

A lady
stopped me
in the street
and asked
if I
was Gregory
Peck. "No,"
I said.

-- Carl Larsen

birth

i

reading the Dialogues of Plato when the
doctor walks up and says

do you still read that high-brow
stuff? last time I read that I
was in
high school.

I read it, I tell
him.

well, it's a girl, 9#, 3 oz. no trouble at
all.

shit. great. when can I see
them?

they'll let you know. good
night.

ii

I sit down to Plato again. there are 4 people playing
cards. one woman has beautiful legs that she doesn't hide
and I keep looking at her legs until she covers them with a
blue sweater.

iii

I am called upstairs. they show me the thing through glass.
it's red as a boiled crab and tough. it will make
it. it will see it through.